

Plays at the Theatres This Week :-:

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Benjamin Players, in "Before and After," all the week, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

BIJOU THEATRE.

"Graustark," all the week.

LUBIN THEATRE.

Vaudeville.

"Before and After."

"Before and After," from the pen of Leo Ditrichstein, a comedy which is said to contain sixty laughs a minute, will be the offering of the Benjamin Players at the Academy during the week beginning to-morrow night. It is expected that this farce will display to even better advantage than did "Because She Loved Him So," the ability of the organization which Manager Paul Benjamin has brought to Richmond. The Benjamin Players have instantly established a reputation as a comedy company, and local audiences will have the pleasure of seeing many comedies this summer which are not usually attempted by stock organizations.

"Before and After," which really means "before and after taking," has as its central idea, a wonderful laughing powder, called "Sunny Jim," and will serve to introduce several new members of the company not seen last week owing to the shortness of the cast. Prominent among these newcomers is Jerome Storm, who will have the role of Dr. Latham, the inventor of the wonderful drug and a personal friend of Dr. Page (Mr. Ritchie), to whom he secretly administers a dose of "Sunny Jim" in the course of a scene. Thus the countless complications of the plot arise. In the role of Dr. Page, Mr. Ritchie will have a splendid opportunity to display his easy and graceful method of handling a light comedy role. Miss Catherine Carter will be seen as Dr. Page's wife, a sweetly serious part, which, however, adds much to the general hilarity, because of the lady's absolute surprise over the wonderful change in the character of her husband, induced by the powder.

E. J. Hunkall, who jumped into immediate favor with Richmond audiences last week by his impersonation of lovable old John Weatherly, will play Colonel Lavette, a hot-headed Frenchman, whose wife the doctor has kissed in an excess of "Sunny Jim," and who declares he will even matters by kissing Mrs. Page. To prevent this, the doctor, abjectly frightened, persuades a little actress to pass herself off as his wife until such time as the wrathful colonel shall have claimed his kiss and departed.

In the character of this little actress, Odette, Miss Anne Bradley will have her first opportunity to impress a Richmond audience, and she is sure to become a prime favorite. Also Philip Perry, who is, so far, almost a stranger, will take a pronounced step toward popularity as Driscoll, another friend and patient of Dr. Page's, who takes a dose or two of the laughing powder. The character of J. J. Jeffers—not the prize-fighter—must not be overlooked. Jeffers, who will be impersonated by Fulton Russell, is in search of a long lost daughter, but finds it almost impossible to get a hearing, as he is always mistaken for the champion, and his audiences, overcome by awe at his famed prowess in the squared circle, refuse to listen to his tale of woe.



ANNE BRADLEY, actress, with Benjamin Players, at the Academy.



SCENE FROM "GRAUSTARK" AT THE BIJOU ALL THIS WEEK.

It is a foregone conclusion that "Before and After" will send the audience away this week laughing as though each one had taken an overdose of "Dr. Latham's laughing powder."

"Graustark."

Miss Isabel MacGregor, who portrays the leading role, Princess Yette, in the forthcoming production of "Graustark" at the Bijou all this week, is an actress whose talent is inherited. Her father and mother were prominent in the support of some celebrities twenty years ago, and her



JEROME STORM, with Benjamin Company, at the Academy.

brother and two sisters, as well as herself, are to-day well known thespians. Miss MacGregor made her debut at the age of four, playing the Duke of York in "Richard III," with the famous actor, Thomas Keene. At five she played Ned Penner, in "The Silver King," at six the child part in "Hoodman Blind," then traveled with Rose Coghlan for two seasons, and later was featured in Augustus Pitou's "The Power of the Press."

At the age of twelve she left the stage to finish her education at Mrs. De Forest's Seminary, on Long Island. After graduation she resumed her career behind the footlights, joining the "Captain Barrington" Company. Although still in her teens, managers were quick to see in Miss MacGregor an actress of rare ability, and the following year she was assigned the

leading part in "Alceas Sit by the Fire," playing one solid year in New York City, and scoring her greatest success up to that time. She then joined "Graustark" and it is said that her interpretation of Yette, the love-lorn princess, is the crowning triumph of her career. Her phenomenal success is easily accounted for, as she is endowed with youth, beauty, a charming personality and teems with magnetism.

The gifts of nature and her early environment, with the opportunity of

studying dramatic art at a close range, under the tuition of her talented father, has fitted Miss MacGregor to assume the exacting role of George Barr McCutcheon's heroine.

At the Lubin.

The Lubin will offer as one of its attractions this week a number that is said to be the best pantomimic acrobatic novelty that vaudeville offers. Gray's Royal Marionettes, a group of comedy acrobats, will provide a number that will appeal to old and young alike. The children will revel in the funny antics of this clever acrobatic troupe, while their daring feats will arouse enthusiasm among the grown-ups.

A return engagement will be that of Flo and Baby Esmond. When the latter appeared at the Lubin some months ago her clever work proved a big drawing card.

Donnelly and Carroll will be seen in a black-faced comedy number. They sing well and have several parodies in their repertoire.

The pictures will be of the usual kind seen at the Lubin.

MOTORBOAT CLUB FORMED.

Organization in Washington for Promotion of Aquatic Sports.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] Washington, N. C., April 2.—The Tar Heel Motorboat Club, of this city, was formally organized in Dr. John C. Hodman's office on Wednesday evening. This club is composed of a number of local motorboat owners, and is organized for the purpose of promoting aquatic sports and increasing local interest in boating on Pamlico River. A suitable constitution and by-laws was drawn up by a committee appointed and presented to the club, and much of the evening was spent in debating on the same. The club will have its special flags, colors, caps and uniforms, and quite a number of regattas and parades will be held by the club during the season.

Dr. C. L. Rodman was elected commodore; C. L. Morton, vice-commodore, and C. L. Payne, secretary and treasurer. The members of the club are Thomas H. Clark, W. W. McIlhenny and J. McK. Saunders. Fleet Captain, David Hill, Jr., and Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. P. Small.

The club is composed of the following charter members, and others will be admitted by invitation: Dr. J. C. Rodman, Dr. R. T. Gallagher, C. L. Morton, C. L. Payne, T. H. Clark, J. M. Saunders, David Hill, Jr., W. F. Clark, David Fowler, Dr. W. P. Small, W. W. McIlhenny, R. Neal, C. C. M. Brown, Jr., and Major W. C. Rodman.

The Modern Woman

By PEARL HUMPHREY

Public opinion is every whit as fickle as fashion, and is largely in the hands of men; and yet they reproach women with being fickle in the wind! A few months ago an Englishwoman was arrested for smoking cigarettes on the deck of a liner. Such conduct was held to prove insanity. And now the American customs have decided to allow a woman to take thirty cigarettes or fifty cigars into the country without duty. (The figures have probably been reversed in the report.) Meanwhile Chicago has league women fighting "The White Tyrant," otherwise the cigarette. A chart of public opinion would show as many erratic lines and angles as a chart of an average week of English weather.

Only twelve years ago a churchman of position declared the Shrewsbury spire had been blown down and the church wrecked as a visitation from God because a statue of Darwin had been put up in the town. Now we consider Darwin's theories rather old-fashioned. Remember bicycling, and the agitation against it for women. Remember the real shocks caused by Wagner. Whistler and Steinbroke when they burst on the world. And, remembering, we can only paraphrase an old proverb and say that the peacock of one day is the next day's meat. Visitors to the National Portrait Gallery should make a point of seeing the new picture in room 16—a fine pointing of Mrs. Keeley, the veteran actress, at the age of ninety-two. The artist is Miss Julia Folkard, and the committee has accepted the canvas from her with an appreciation which may best be measured by the fact that they have hung it next a Gainsborough—an act which would be not only foolish but cruel in the case of any picture not possessing very fine qualities. Mrs. Keeley makes a charming subject for a picture, because there is not only character in the face, but the delightful physical beauty which so often accompanies a dignified old age and is

the nearest to a spiritual abstraction to which mere flesh ever attains.

Mrs. Keeley it was who first told the delightful story of her husband, who was looking out of a window because he was bored by the day and saw a number of ducks waddling across the village green to the pond quacking with joy. "O, you silly fools," said he; "what up there? how the rain is making the peas grow!"

It has frequently been said that a woman has not the qualities necessary for hotel or restaurant keeping on a large scale. This makes it particularly satisfactory to hear that the restaurant of Marshall Field's store in New York is managed by a woman. As 4,000 people lunch there every day, this seems to show that in this, as in most other things, women can do what men try to do. To serve a lunch for 4,000 is an undertaking; but to serve to-day a lunch which will insure there being 4,000 to-morrow, and next day, and next week, and all the time, is a management, but imagination—a point in which women occasionally are found lacking in practical matters.

Women would have been great chefs and great milliners long ago if they had not cultivated their imagination or their business qualities, but seldom both. The great fault of women in the higher ranks of cookery is that they always forget to consider the question of the wine that will be served in the dressing room. They do not allow sufficiently for background, and will turn out a gown that ought never to be seen within a mile of grass or against a sky, and turns the entire picture into a poster. The instinct is seen in such surroundings. The imaginative woman of business has it all her own way, and will soon find herself at the top.

Realization of this truth is growing slowly among ambitious women, and has a constitutional liking for top rungs.

What All the World Admires; or, the Courage to Go On

By ADA PATTERSON

Miss Theoda Bush, the young woman who amazed men and women athletes by scoring sixty-nine and a half points out of a possible seventy at the mid-winter meet of the Radcliffe college girls, gives to all girls, athletic or otherwise, the advice: "Never hope nor whine."

It is good advice for both sexes and all ages. The figure that lives in my memory as the most contemptible I ever saw was a man, who, bending his long, lazy figure over the kitchen stove for a warmth during a blizzard, whined: "I wish I were rich."

This wife wasted no time in such wishes. The kitchen pans rattled, the oven doors slammed with her vigor. A glance she cast at her lord was translatable even to my pug-nosed child. It was the force question: "Why don't you work instead of whine?"

The grandest figure is a woman whom the world would admire, a little working woman, who when her drunken husband had departed this life, leaving her nothing but bitter memories, became a figure to support herself, her two-year-old son and four-year-old daughter. That woman has worked without whining for twenty years. From her hard earnings she erected a fund against adversity, as her forbears built dikes to keep out the sea. She reared the boy to manhood and the girl to womanhood. She has seen what she had been denied, a common school education. She kept them both and herself models of neatness. The disease inherited from her father carried each of them out of reach of her strong, loving arms. She buried them side by side in a trim plot in a Long Island cemetery.

The little woman began her work the day after each funeral. She did it as thoroughly as ever, with the same evident interest in it, and in her employments. Sometimes her face in a shade graver, but she forces the smile that makes her welcome everywhere as sunshine. I asked her once the secret of this brave exterior. She lifted her honest eyes and answered simply: "It never changes a thing to complain, and people don't like it." This little serving woman is one of those persons whom "everybody likes." The difference between the popular and the unpopular person is this chief one, that one moans and the other

doesn't. The person who talks about himself is born, but the one who complains about his lot is intolerable.

The Colored Tuesday Club's

Fifth Annual Music Festival at the City Auditorium,

Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings, May 3d, and 4th, 1910, at 8:30 o'clock

ORATORIO, CANTATA, SYMPHONY AND GRAND OPERA EACH EVENING.

TUESDAY EVENING'S PROGRAM.—Special Selections from Grand Opera by Mme. C. Bernard Gilpin, followed by the heavy oratorio, "The Last Judgment" (Spohr)—Tuesday Club, 150 voices.

WEDNESDAY EVENING'S PROGRAM.—American, English and Japanese Classics by Mme. Gilpin, followed by the beautiful cantata, "The Holy City" (Gaul)—By the Tuesday Club, chorus of 150 voices.

The management desire the generous public to bear in mind that the entire program each evening will be composed of local talent of Richmond, artists and chorus, as well as orchestra and pianists.

ARTISTS.

"THE LAST JUDGMENT."

IDA GLOVER DEAN Soprano

LIZZIE E. WHITE Soprano

CORA B. EPPS Alto

EVA BOOKER EVANS Contralto

PROF. THOS. B. CRUMP Tenor

EUGENE S. GRIFFIN Tenor

IDA O. W. MOORE Bass

THOMAS GILPIN Bass

ARTISTS.

"THE HOLY CITY"

BESSIE LOMAX Soprano

NORENA BROWN Soprano

EVA BOOKER EVANS Contralto

CORA B. EPPS Alto

JNO. WOLFOLK Tenor

WILLIE HILL Tenor

DR. O. W. MOORE Bass

THOMAS GILPIN Bass

SPECIAL.

Mme. GILPIN—GRAND OPERA

Admission Fee, 35c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

Every listener resents the egotism of the one who complains. "Every man has had some disappointment, and it influences his life," Dickens reflects. The thought of this should check upon the lips every complaint. Why overweigh wit double disappointments the man who already bears his own?

A man wrote a book on "The Greatest Thing in the World," and every one bought the book to find out what is the greatest thing. They found that it is love. Another man wrote one entitled "What All the World is Seeking." Again there was a rush, and all wondered why they had not guessed that what all the world is seeking is happiness. Let me humbly venture to tell what all the world admires. It is the courage to go on.

The contempt that the wholesome part of the world feels for the suicide is because he lacked the courage to go on. The universal scorn of the man who runs away is because he shows that lack.

It has become bad form to complain. Pessimism is obsolete. The professional grumbler has gone out. The cynic is no longer considered clever. It is the spirit of this dawn of a century to turn your face toward the sun and hope.

Courage is constructive. Every life is a structure into which it is the builder's duty to put his best material. The optimist builds steadily and well. The pessimist tears down his own work.

Every one should sing a brave song or be silent. If conditions of our lives displease us we should do our utmost to improve them. Failing, we should silently endure them. The grumbler whines that no one cares for him. Why should any one care for him? He adds nothing to the sum of the world's usefulness or happiness. Finding that he is self-centered, the world leaves him alone, as he deserves.

The world recognizes the courage to go on. It admires it, applauds it, rewards it.

Money Hatred

By ADA PATTERSON

Courageously a New York physician has brushed away the cobwebs of sentiment from the divorce problems by the cold statement: "Four-fifths of all family troubles are caused by money."

If we look at life squarely, without blinking, we will recognize the enormous truth Dr. Murray has boldly stated. She has torn from the situation the chiffons of fancy, the draperies of illusion, and, bared, it stands before us in its ugly nakedness.

The spectacle stifles our worn phrases about "incompatibility and temper." "The woman standing still while the man goes on," and "Man's polygamous nature." Of four-fifths of the cases of separation, or the turmoil that is worse than separation, money hatred is the root.

Money hatred is a distinct trait, and one of the ugliest of the passions. It is the rancor caused by one person's interference with the way in which another spends money.

Recall how often you have seen its ugly gleam in the eyes of the daughter, whose mother protests that she shall not wear a silk frock because the cashmere is quite good enough! In the eyes of the son, whose father says sharp things about his offspring's college expenses! In the glance of the wife, whose spouse has reminded her that there was a time within his memory when a trip to Europe every year was not of their needs! In the husband's sullenness when his wife tells him that a simple dinner at home has been a proper return for business courtesies, and that a champagne supper was not only superfluous, but extravagant! The smouldering anxiety in the faces of the family when will-making time arrives, the undisguised eagerness when the final obsequies are over and the will-reading time has arrived!

We have seen all these if we have watched the human panorama with open eyes, and seeing it we have witnessed one of the worst phases of human nature. But we have seen it at its ugliest when it has flashed from eyes that once had but love-light for each.

A man fell in love with a girl and asked her love and her hand. They married and started on their double path with joy singing in their hearts. At the beginning it was an humble path, but as it widened and rose into the far hills it became a prouder

This Week! The Wednesday Club's Music Festival ...City Auditorium...

To-morrow (Monday) Night at 8:20; Tuesday Afternoon at 2:30; Tuesday Night at 8:20.

The Wednesday Club Chorus (250 voices), Mr. Tali Esen Morgan, Conductor;

The Children's Chorus (700 voices), Mr. Walter C. Mercer, Conductor;

The Pittsburg Festival Orchestra (40 men), Mr. Carl Bernthaler, Conductor.

Mme. Alice Merritt-Cochran, Soprano; Miss Lillia Snelling, Contralto;

Dr. Franklin Lawson, Tenor; Mr. Frank Croxton, Bass, and

Mme. JOMELLI, Famous Operatic Prima Donna

Monday Night—"Jomelli Night," miscellaneous program.

Tuesday Matinee—Children's Chorus, Artists and Orchestra.

Tuesday Night—Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

Good seats can still be obtained at the Cable Piano Company, 213 East Broad Street.

BIJOU THEATRE

RICHMOND'S POPULAR PLAYHOUSE.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 25th.

A \$1.50 ATTRACTION AT BIJOU PRICES.

THE DRAMATIC TREAT OF THE SEASON

Geo. D. Baker's Superb Dramatization of GEO. BARR McCUTCHEON'S

Enchanting Romance of

"A Love Behind a Throne"

Graustark.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

Brewster's Millions

A Carload of Massive Scenery, Highly Embellished by Gorgeous Court Costumes and Brilliant Electrical Effects.

A pure, moral and refined play. The sensational dramatic success of the century. You enjoyed the book. See the play. You'll enjoy it all the more.

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Second Great Week, Beginning To-morrow Night.

Matinee Days, Wednesday and Saturday.

PAUL R. BENJAMIN PRESENTS THE INCOMPARABLE

BENJAMIN PLAYERS

IN THE FURIOUSLY FUNNY FARCE

BEFORE AND AFTER

BY LEO DITRICHSTEIN.

Author of "Is Matrimony a Failure?" and scores of other laughing hits.

PRICES: Evenings, 15c to 50c; Matinees, 15c to 35c.

Success! Success!

THE LUBIN

RICHMOND'S POPULAR VAUDEVILLE AND PICTURE HOUSE.

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, APRIL 25TH.

GRAY'S ROYAL MARIONETTES

Novel and Sensational Acrobatic Pantomimes—Greatest on American Vaudeville Stage.

Bring your children. It will be a treat.

FLORA ESMOND & CO.

Return Engagement—Inimitable Juvenile Performance.

DONNELLY & CARROLL

Black Face Comedians—Simply Immense in Singing and Talking.

THE WORLD'S BEST IN LIFE MOTION PICTURES.

Hours: 2:30 to 6:00 and 7:15 to 10:30 P. M.

Ladies and Children Matinees, 5c.

Admission, 10c. EACH ACT A MARVEL.

one. The glitter of gold illumined it.

And in the golden glitter somehow the lovelight mingled and was lost.

Again and again heard, it has become a wearisome, oft-told tale, that as a man grows rich his home happiness grows less. And the root of the difference is greed objectivized, the money hatred.

The wife, who had nothing at the beginning, wants a lion's share of her husband's fortune. The husband spends lavishly his new wealth, but grudges a small fraction of it to his wife. Or he tells her to open accounts at the money market, and she is ready to shop. The woman writhes under the whirlwind of the humiliation. She begins to borrow money from her friends and her servants, and as she does, her love for the husband, whose meanness drives her to this humiliation, dies, and the money hatred is born.

"I had unlimited accounts at the money market," said the wife, "but I had to borrow a dime from the butler," testified the wife of a rich man in her suit for divorce. And she flashed at him a look which burned up all the affection his heart held for her. Love cannot endure that glance, the look of money hatred!

A hideous aspect of this always unlovely thing is the greedy gaze of one who waits for gain upon death's lagging footsteps. The human ghoul, full

of the money hatred, waiting for the death that shall enrich him, is a common, though horrid, sight.

The wealth greed and the ability to love are not able to live in the shelter of the same breast. The soil upon which one grows is barren to the other. We cannot serve the god (love) and the mammon (greed). Flaubert said: "The coldest wind that blows upon love is the demand for money."

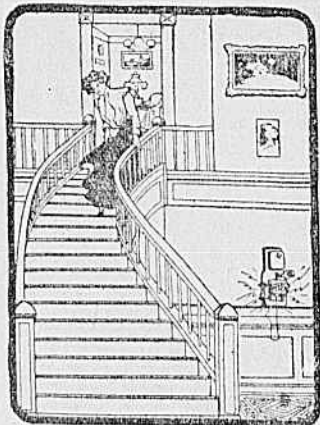
This nation does not deserve, at least in full measure, the European charge that it is money-mad. But it has made money the standard of success, and it seeks happiness by the money route. For our domestic happiness we must rid ourselves of this wrong standard. We must know that while money ameliorates some of life's hardest conditions, our happiness is not in direct ratio to the size of our bank accounts.

The husband who makes his wife a confidante in his business affairs, who tells her the amount of his income, and who gives her a fair allowance for domestic outlay, the father who gives the same confidence to his son and daughter, and who makes them a fair allowance from his income, permits them a fair proportion of the same confidence to his own money. The husband who gives away the raven that perches upon the money rafters, the raven of money hatred.

What About the Woman?

The Man's telephone is at his elbow all day. He doesn't have to move to answer it.

The Woman, perhaps, walks up and down stairs or from one end of the house to the other to answer the telephone.



An Extension Wall Set connected with the Bell Telephone in your residence will save these unnecessary steps.

\$1.00 per month.

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